Per. My purpose was for *Tharsus*, there to strike
The inhospitable *Cleon*, but I am for other seruice first,
Toward *Ephesus* turne our blowne sayles,
Eftsoones Ile tell why, shall we refresh vs sir vpon your shore,
and giue you gold for such prouision as our intents will neede.

Lys. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come a shore,
I haue another sleight.

Per. You shall preuaile, were it to wooe my daughter, for
it seemes you haue beene noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arme.

Per. Come my *Marina*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Now our sands are almost run,
More a little, and then dum.
This my last boone giue me,
For such kindnesse must releeue me:
That you aptly will suppose,
What pageantry, what feates, what shewes,
What Minstrelsie, what pretty din,
The Regent made in *Metalin*,
To greete the King; so he thriued,
That he is promised to be wiued
To faire *Marina*, but in no wise,
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As *Dian* bad, whereto being bound,
The Interim pray, you all confound.
In fetherd briefenesse sayles are fild,
And wishes fall out as their wild.
At *Ephesus* the Temple see,
Our King and all his company.
That he can hither come so soone,
Is by your fancies thankfull doome. *Exit.*

Enter Pericles, Lysimachus, Hellicanus, Marina, and others.

Per. Haile *Dian*, to performe thy iust command,
I here confesse my selfe the King of *Tyre*.
Who frighted from my Country, did wed at *Pentapolis*, the
faire *Thaisa*, at sea in childbed died she, but brought foorth a
Maid

Maid childe called *Marina*, whom O Goddesse weares
siluer liuery, she at *Tharsus* was nurst with *Cleon*, who a
teene yeares he sought to murder, but her better stars b
her to *Metaline*, gainst whose shore riding, her fortunes
the maid aboord to vs, where by her owne most cleare
brance, she made knowne her selfe my daughter.

Th. Voyce and fauour, you are, you are O royall *Pericle*

Pe. What means the woman? she dyes, helpe Gentlem

Cer. Sir, if you haue told *Dianaes* Alter true, this is your

Per. Reuerend appearer, no, I threw her ouer-boo
these very armes.

Cer. Vpon this Coast, I warrant you.

Per. Tis most certaine.

Cer. Looke to the Lady; O shee's but ouerioyde,
Earely in blustring morne, this Lady was throwne vpo
shore. I opened the Coffin, found these rich iewels, rec
her, and placed her heere in *Dianaes* Temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
ther I inuite you, looke, *Thaisa* is recouered.

Thai. O let me looke if he be none of mine, my sancti
to my sence bend no licentious eare, but curbe it spight
ing: O my Lord, are you not *Pericles*? like him you
like him you are: did you not name a tempest, a birth, &

Per. The voice of dead *Thaisa*.

Thai. That *Thaisa* am I, supposed dead and drownd.

Per. Immortal *Dian*!

Thai. Now I know you better, when wee with teares
Pentapolis, the King my Father gaue you such a ring.

Per. This, this, no more, you Gods, your present kin
makes my past miseries sport, you shall do well, that on th
ching of her lips I may melt, and no more be seene; O
be buried a second time within these armes.

Mar. My heart leaps to be gone into my mothers bosor

Per. Looke who kneeles heere, flesh of thy flesh, *Thai*
burden at the sea, and call'd *Marina*, for she was yeelded

Thai. Blest, and mine owne.